

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 60.—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,** March 11th, at Three. The programme will include Symphony, in E flat (Mozart); Violin Concerto, No. 6, in G (Vieuxtemps); Air and two Gavottes, from Suite in D (J. S. Bach); "L'Invitation à la Valse" (Weber, orchestrated by Berlioz). Vocalist—Miss Carlotta Elliott. Solo Violin—Mdmé Norman-Neruda. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERT.**

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY NEXT, at Eight.** Last Evening Concert but One. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian McKenzie, Miss Spencer Jones, and Mdmé Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr Santley. Violin—Mdmé Norman-Neruda. The South London Choral Association of sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The programme will include the following: Violin Solos, Cavatina, by Raff, and Sarabande and Tambourin, by Leclair (Mdmé Norman-Neruda); "There's a Bower of Roses," "When the heart is young," and "The Miller and the Maid" (Miss Mary Davies); "Sunshine and Rain," "The Three Fishers," and "John O'Grady" (Mdmé Antoinette Sterling); "Uncle John" and "Peggie and Robin" (Miss Marian McKenzie); "On the Banks of Allan Water" and "Will he come?" (Miss Spencer Jones); "Alice, where art thou?" "Phillis is my only joy," and "Serenade" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "Hands All Round," "For ever and for ever," and "Simon the Cellarer" (Mr Santley); "I fear no foe," "True till Death," and the "German Drinking Song" (Signor Foli). Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit six to Stalls), 42s.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR EDWARD LLOYD** will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the London Ballad Concert, St James's Hall, Wednesday next, March 15th.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING.

**WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,** ST JAMES'S HALL.—SECOND CONCERT, This (SATURDAY) Evening, March 11. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN. Beethoven's Overture to *Leonora* (No. 3); Mendelssohn's Overture, Scherzo, Notturmo, and Wedding March, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and Walter Macfarren's New Symphony in B flat; Piatti's Fantasia Romantica—Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Sterndale Bennett's Concerto, in C minor—Pianoforte, Mr Charlton T. Speer. Tickets at popular prices, 3s., 1s., and 7s. 6d.

**MISS JOSEPHINE AGABEG** (Pupil of Mr Ganz) begs to announce her **THIRD ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT**, at the STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, on TUESDAY next, March 14th, at Eight p.m. Violin—Herr Ondriek. Violoncello—M. Libotton. Pianoforte—Miss Josephine Agabeg and Mr Ganz. Vocalists—Miss Emma Allitsen, Messrs James Sauvage, Ernest Cecil, and Cecil Traherne. Conductor—Mr GANZ. Tickets—Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; to be obtained of Miss JOSEPHINE AGABEG, 133, Ledbury Road, Bayswater; and at the Hall.

**MIDLE ROSINA ISIDOR'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, SATURDAY, March 18, at Eight, ST JAMES'S HALL.** Vocalists—Midle Rosina Isidor and Mdmé Patey; Mr Joseph Maas, Mr F. Barrington Foote, and Signor Foli. Pianoforte—Herr Ernst Levenberg. Harp—Mr John Thomas. Harmonium—Mr Louis Engel. Flute—Mr Keppel. Accompanist—Signor Antonio Mora. Stalls, 21s. and 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at the usual Agents; and at Austin's, St James's Hall.

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THE MUSIC PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.

TO THE MUSIC TRADE.

**AT** a General Meeting of the Association, held at Messrs Metzler & Co.'s, Great Marlborough Street, on Tuesday, the 7th inst., it was proposed by Mr Boosey, seconded by Mr Enoch, and duly carried: "That this Meeting is of opinion that the custom which prevails to some extent of Wholesale London Houses purchasing music through provincial dealers is prejudicial to the interests of the Trade, and that it is resolved by those present at this meeting to close accounts with all provincial dealers having transactions of this kind with London Houses.

By order,  
B. LUCAS,  
Secretary.

84, New Bond Street, London.  
March 8, 1882.

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MISS HENRIETTA BEEBE will sing MINA GOULD'S admired and popular Song, "THE TIME OF ROSES," at Mr Atherton Furlong's Concert, on Thursday evening next, March 16th.

**"KILLARNEY."**

MISS BEATA FRANCIS will sing BALFE's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Mr Hayes' Benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, Tuesday Afternoon, March 14.

**"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."**

MISS ALLITSEN will sing "THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG" (by J. P. GOLDBERG), at Miss Agabeg's Concert, Steinway Hall, March 14th.

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## THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

The Marylebone Theatre! Where is it? Such, probably, would be the response of any, save the most inveterate, or veteran playgoer, when interrogated as to his knowledge of the edifice in question. Yet though this modest temple of the muses—located, as its name implies, in the north-western district of the metropolis—has, for several years, relapsed into the obscurity which characterized its earlier existence, the Marylebone Theatre possesses, nevertheless, a history of its own, and, in days long past, could boast of more than one management, whose intelligent efforts to popularize the best specimens of the Poetic Drama were fully recognized, and fairly supported, by the general public.

The Marylebone Theatre, then, is situated in Church Street, a thoroughfare which connects Portman-Market with the northern extremity of Edgware Road. It was originally built by a Mr Loveridge, and opened, under the management of Mr Hyde, on Monday, the 13th November, 1837. That the new theatre was to appeal exclusively to the humbler inhabitants of its, even then, thickly populated neighbourhood, might be inferred from the nature of the first night's programme, which offered nothing better than a melodrama, entitled *The Beggar's Haunt*, or *Fortune's Changes*. The only names of any mark, in the new company, were those of Cobham—looked upon, in his time, as the Kemble of the minor theatres—and Mr J. W. Ray, who developed, later, into a comedian of more than average ability. There was a pantomime at Christmas, preceded by Lillo's old tragedy, *George Barnwell*, and early in the ensuing year we find such plays as *Pizarro*, *Jane Shore*, and *John Bull* in the bills, but the venture apparently did not prosper, and the house eventually closed for some months. It was re-opened for the winter season of 1838-9, by Mr Johnson and Mr Nelson Lee, with a company which included the names of Attwood, John Douglass, Fenton, Collins, the pantomimist, Paul Herring, Miss Thornton, and Mrs Stanley. As the results, however, did not appear to be favourable, they abandoned it, early in the summer, to Mr Fox Cooper, who did not long continue his speculation.

We have failed to discover any trace of its doings in the two following years, during which the place probably remained shut up altogether, but it seems to have been in a great measure re-constructed in 1842, and was re-opened on Monday, the 12th of December, in that year, as the New Theatre-Royal, Marylebone, under the lesseeship of Mr Douglass, and the stage-management of Mr Edward Stirling—always a reliable name. The new theatre was built to accommodate 2,300 people, and was pronounced very handsome. The list of performers comprised the names of Freer, Attwood, Rayner, and Cobham. Mr Osbaldiston and Miss Vincent played during the following week, and Mr Nelson Lee provided a new pantomime at Christmas.

The house, at length fairly started, remained, for some years, in the hands of Mr Douglass, whose management not only answered, in a pecuniary sense, but was characterized by a good deal of spirit and energy. Its more noticeable events were as follows: Mrs Waylett, a delightful singer, and actress, in her day, appeared in February, 1843, and Freer also played in *Rob Roy*, as well as in the now forgotten, but once famous melodrama, *One o'Clock*, or *The Knight and the Wood-Demon*; another fossil, the burlesque of *Bombastes Furioso*, was in the bills, a few months later; and in December, the *Coriolanus* of Shakspeare was respectably presented. Freer, Charles Dillon, the tragedian, Mr Otway, and Mrs W. West, were the leading players throughout this year, as well as during the greater part of 1844. In March of the latter, *The Castle Spectre* of Monk Lewis was given, with success. On its original production at Drury Lane, in 1797, Kemble and Sarah Siddons had not felt themselves above appearing in this play, which was long the favourite ghost drama of every theatre, or even barn, throughout the United Kingdom. That it has now to a great extent become obsolete, is probably due to an improved taste, which declines to tolerate the inflated language which Mat Lewis has put into the mouths of his leading characters. Yet, to a purely melo-dramatic audience, *The Castle Spectre* must ever prove attractive, owing to the cleverness of the various situations, and the admirable skill with which the interest is led up to the several appearances of the ghost. Although its kind may not be of the best, the old play is still the best of its kind; and, as a matter of fact, under the slightly altered title of *The Spectre of Conway*

*Castle*, it remains to this day a stock-piece in the repertory of the theatre in Portman-Market.

Wright, Paul Bedford, and Miss Emma Stanley were engaged in September, 1844, and were followed by Mr Denvil, in Lord Byron's *Manfred*. A Mr Hudson Kirby played on Wednesday, December 17th, for the benefit of that once popular transpontine manager, Mr Almar. For Mr Douglass's benefit, early in 1845, Wright and Paul Bedford again acted, in company with Widdicombe, Cony, Blanchard, and Mr E. F. Savile. When the theatre re-opened for the winter of this year, the celebrated *mine*, Wieland, was engaged to play the *Imp* in the ballet-pantomime, *The Daughter of the Danube*. In October, Mr and Mrs Honner were to be seen, in the pretty old drama, *Mary, the Maid of the Inn*. A Mr Grattan Dawson also "starred" in *Macbeth* and other plays. The clown, Paul Herring, was engaged for Easter, 1846. Mr Rayner appeared as Hamlet, in January 1-47, and afterwards, the American Dwarf, Tom Thumb was exhibited. In February, Mr Bayntun Rolt played in *King Richard the Third*, and a transatlantic actor, Mr J. R. Scott, in *Pizarro*, and *Damon and Pythias*. Mr Charles Dillon returned at Easter, in *Don Cesar de Bazan*. These efforts at legitimacy, though not without merit, were all of the rough-and-ready order, and were alternated, it may be added, with such sorry stuff as *Paul the Poacher*, *Jack Ketch*, *Bone Squash*, *The Last Link of Love*, *Sarah the Jewess*, or *The Extorted Oath*, and lastly by a piece with the imposing title, *The Royal Crusader*, or *The Black Brand of Rome*!

Mr Douglass's management terminated at the end of June 1847, and on the 1st of the following August, an announcement appeared in the daily papers that Mrs Warner, who had recently withdrawn from Sadler's Wells—then, and long afterwards, under the ever-memorable direction of Phelps and Greenwood,—had taken the Marylebone Theatre. Mrs Warner, in her preliminary circular, promised "the performance of such plays as may appear best suited to the resources of the establishment," and added that "an earnest endeavour will be made to illustrate these plays appropriately and effectively. The engagement of a company, selected with a reference to the task of duly rendering the text of the great dramatic authors, the assistance of artists of the first competence, in the scenic and mechanical departments, and the liberal and careful provision of all the other accessories to the histrionic art, will, it is hoped, enable the management to accomplish this purpose."

Having been thoroughly cleansed and re-decorated, the house opened for the season, on Monday the 30th August, with Shakspeare's play, *A Winter's Tale*, in which it is needless to say that Mrs Warner played Hermione—one of her finest parts—in her finest manner, and was well supported by Mrs. Tyrrell, as Paulina, by Miss Angell, a pleasing young actress, from Bath, as Perdita, and by another and very clever *debutante*, from Birmingham, Miss Charlotte Saunders, as Mopsa. Mr Graham, a prominent member, some years previously, of Macready's company at Drury Lane, was the Leontes of the night, Mr. James Johnstone, from Liverpool, Polixenes; Mr George Vining, also from Bath, Florizel; and an excellent Autolycus was discovered, in Mr Henry Webb, who though almost unknown to London, had long enjoyed exceptional popularity, as a comedian, throughout the provinces. Generally speaking, the performance was of the most careful kind. The scenery and accessories, as promised beforehand, were rich, and in good taste, and the whole entertainment augured well for the success of the experiment.

(To be continued.)

## SIGNOR PINSUTI'S NEW OPERA AT VENICE.

The following telegram from Venice reached us on Thursday morning:—

"Signor Pinsuti's new opera, *Margherita*, was given last night for the first time, and obtained a decided success. The house was full to excess. The performance went off splendidly, and the composer was called out eighteen times."

We sincerely congratulate Signor Pinsuti on having satisfied the exigencies of a very critical public. It is well known how severely new works are judged in Venice.

ROME.—The Russian singer, Mdlle Adler, will remain here till May, subsequently visiting London and Paris.



## FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

## THE GLEE.

(Continued from page 132.)

Another glee of Bishop's, "Sleep, gentle lady," from his opera, *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, is in two movements, both in the same key. The first, in slow time, is in the miniature sonata form of the ballads, a phrase beginning :

Ex. 134.

ALTO, 1ST TENOR, 2ND TENOR, BASS, WITH ACCOMP. *Largo.* *tr*

Sleep, gen-tle La - dy, the flow'rs are clos - ing, ends with a half close and a second ends with a full close. The quick movement is a miniature of the first Scarlatti form, with a modulating second part (like the Preludes of Bach described before), but with the addition of a coda. A first strain :

Ex. 135.

*Allegro Moderato.*

Peace be a-round thee, La - dy bright,



Sleep, while we sing good night, good night.

ends with a full close. After this has been repeated with a varied accompaniment, a second strain follows with modulation :

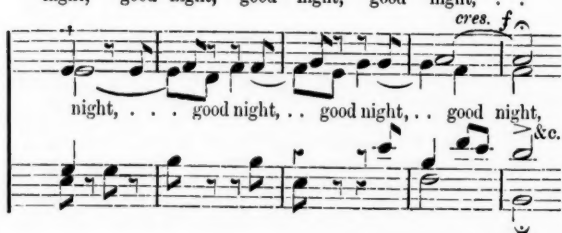
Ex. 136.



O may our soft and sooth-ing num - bers  
A half close brings back the original key with the first strain as at first (see ex. 135), and from the close of this a coda grows out :

Ex. 137.

night, good night, good night, good night, . . .



night, . . . good night, . . . good night, . . . good night, . . .

The great success of this beautiful little piece induced Bishop to treat it in somewhat of an utilitarian manner, after a habit of his, by arranging it for other voices than the original, viz., S.A.T.B., and also for three voices.

Some say these glees of Bishop's are not glees, but concerted pieces with accompaniment. This matters very little, for we have then only to say that Bishop re-discovered or re-invented concerted pieces with accompaniment of the same kind as, but much better than, the concerted pieces with accompaniment, which Playford called glees; that he extended the use of them for the stage, and that they were appropriated for concert and home use, and that thus his music set an example to composers of oratorios, operas, and single pieces of later years, who put some of their most beautiful thoughts into the same form, although they do not call them glees.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

## THE REID FESTIVAL.

(Supplement—from the "Edinburgh Courant.")

It may be added that the palms, &c., in front of the platform came, by permission of Professor Dickson, from the Botanical Gardens; and that the wreaths for busts, and the button-hole bouquets with which all the members of the orchestra were decorated, were presented by the Countess of Rothes. We hear that among other floral offerings on this occasion was a box of cut flowers, addressed to Mr Frederick King, accompanied by a card on which was written, in a fair hand, "To the rising Baritone of Kings;" and some beautiful specimens of southern violets, accompanied by the following appropriate lines, were received by the Reid Professor, Sir Herbert Oakeley :—

"Sweet fragrance rising from the earth  
Proclaims the purple violet's birth;  
Sweet music floats upon the air  
Where all who honour Art repair  
To tender homage at her shrine.  
Happy, who hear those sounds divine,  
Whose ears are open to discern  
Her glorious thoughts that live and burn!  
But yet, like all beneath the sun,  
A brilliant triumph is not won,  
Save at stern cost of care, and toil,  
And anxious thought—a tangled coil.  
The flame of much self-sacrifice  
Must touch the incense ere it rise;  
And bleeding feet must lead the van  
Ere hope and progress come to man.  
Not for light meed of fame or praise  
Such clear-eyed souls devote their days:  
Enough for them if, ere they cease,  
New voices raise the Hymn of Peace;  
They sow the seed with toil and pain—  
Others may reap the golden grain.  
Yet may the gods, propitious, bless  
Such efforts with deserved success!  
May all men feel that not in vain  
Is raised to-night the full toned-strain:  
So, as all hearts responsive thrill,  
These echoes from the Heavenly Hill  
Throughout the year may vibrate still!"

## CAUTION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Allow me to draw the attention of my musical friends to the following facts. There has recently appeared at Berlin a spurious edition of my Gavotte in A minor (from the suite dedicated to Mdme Essipoff), arranged—or rather disarranged—for four hands. Not only has the meddler and muddler spoilt my piece, but has inserted with much industry chords of his own, so that he managed to get the harmonies wrong as well. Fearing that people might think that I committed them, I now beg you, through the medium of your valuable paper, to assist me in exposing the gross injustice done to me by the publisher, Mr Erler, who refused to withdraw the edition, notwithstanding my pressing request.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

8, St Lawrence Road, Notting Hill, W.

E. SILAS.

March 5, 1882.

## EMMA ALBANI.

(Condensed from the Berlin "Vossische Zeitung.")

Mdme Albani-Gye, a born Canadian, the admired *prima donna* of Covent Garden Theatre, possesses one of those eminently beautiful sopranos in which the metallic quality and the melting character of the tones are perfectly balanced, and which rule over the entire scale of sound-colours, from nervous energy to the gentlest breath. The voice moves through every possible gradation of strength, from *forte* to *pianissimo*, and the *decrecendo* especially possesses an unusual fascination. According to the accepted classification, Mdme Albani's voice is a high *mezzo-soprano*, which may be called full and powerful up to C, and masters the D with a light and certain head-sound; the middle and lower registers continue with perfect smoothness, and are free from any admixture of an unfeminine chest-register. The intonation is irreproachable. The lady's facility in *bravura* is something extraordinary. She executes the most difficult specimens with ease and perfect neatness, as well as with that rhythmically-delicate continuity without which *fioriture* have no artistic value. The *bravura legato* prevails over the *staccato*, just as in fact a partiality for interweaving the notes tenderly and tastefully into each other, together with the art of doing so, is a peculiarity of the fair artist. Her chromatic scales and shakes—the latter generally with rhythmical stress on the principal note, which is more difficult than the opposite plan—are incomparable. The lady's mode of expression is especially beautiful in all that is lyrical and full of deep feeling, without, however, any want of vigorous accentuation in dramatic passages. Mdme Albani is more dramatic than Etelka Gerster, if less daring and energetic than Adelina Patti. As with most vocalists trained in the Italian school whose studies are usually limited to a few parts, everything with Mdme Albani is accurately calculated beforehand. She does not abandon herself so freely and completely to the inspiration of the moment, as Pauline Lucca, but sings as a speaker who has most carefully prepared his speech. We may regret the absence of that warmth which springs from the inspiration of the moment, and might even prefer trifling technical shortcomings; but even this certainty in the impersonation has its value.

G. E.

—o—

## THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Although every musician present at the meeting, called by the Prince of Wales, and held in the banquetting room of St. James's Palace, on Tuesday morning, February 28th, would be justified in feeling honoured and flattered by the interest royalty and its surroundings were taking in him and his works; yet it would be as well for him to bear in mind that solicitude, not for any one, or any class of professors, but for the art itself, was the prevailing sentiment, and the actuating motive. It was decidedly instructive for him to obtain a view of his art from a different, if not a higher stand-point, than that usually occupied, and to listen to speakers regarding the subject free from the personality, necessarily attending his own perception. The follower of music, as a calling, is generally, in the first place, led to the art from sheer love of it, and for the pleasure the pursuit of it affords, and, afterwards, adopts it as a weapon to wield in the "struggle for existence." Thus the art with him is bounded by inclination and occupation. What was once a pleasure becomes a business. But the speakers at St. James's, looking beyond the individual, dwelt upon the influences of the art upon the nation at large. His Grace of Canterbury pointed out its value to the Church, and the duty laid upon her officers to encourage the cultivation of the highest gifts of harmony, so that fitting aids may be provided for public worship. The Premier, and the leader of the Opposition, meeting on neutral grounds, both eloquently insisted upon the policy of directing the musical instinct of the nation to a higher level than it now occupies; whilst the Prince of Wales extolled the practice of music as a source and means of ever-increasing enjoyment. The musical resources of the empire, he maintained, were not at present satisfactorily utilized; and he declared, that the spreading knowledge and exercise of the art, seen in town and village, in public assemblies, and private homes, called for recognition and guidance, without which talent was often wasted, and genius lost. To remedy this state of things, the Prince proposed to establish a Royal College of Music upon the model furnished by the *conservatoires* of the Continent, and earnestly pleaded for aid in the patriotic endeavour. As yet the response made has been fairly encouraging. But is not "aid to the cause of music" a somewhat new cry? Is not the

recipient of favours too near home for the exhibition of that spontaneity which now and again moves the world to admiration? Whatever the result, loyal affection will be felt by musicians generally to the Heir to the throne for the able advocacy of their cause, and the lead he has taken in a movement made on behalf of their art.

If the Prince then is worthy of honour and thanks for care and interest manifested, he certainly commands sympathy for the many difficulties that beset his undertaking. There can be no manner of doubt that he is the very last man in the world capable of bearing harshly upon a deserving institution that stands in the way of his projects. Yet circumstances seem to lead him to that unpalatable occupation—for is not the Royal Academy of Music in peril of losing by his action some of its hard earned advantages? It played an up-hill game for a long time, and only a few years back the professors had to make sacrifices in order to keep the good ship afloat. Now, however, it has, in a very large degree, secured the confidence of the public. The crowded state of the class-rooms testifies to the good management of the directors, as well as to the ability of the professors; and it may be said that there is scarcely a musical man living who is held in greater respect, or worthier of it, than the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Therefore, any loss of prestige or diminution of success sustained by the institution would be felt by some as little less than a public misfortune, and, by a large majority, the differences, seemingly irreconcilable, that keep the Academy and College apart, are sincerely regretted. Other difficulties are in the way of the promoters of the new School. One is the doubt of it getting a wise management—a doubt engendered by witnessing the collapse of the earlier founded "Training School," and confirmed by the remarkably able letters by "Amateur" upon the subject in the *Daily Telegraph*, and reproduced a few weeks back in the columns of the *Musical World*. Besides, does not the musical profession, in great part, withhold at present its full confidence, and particularly members resident in the provinces? They are naturally jealous of a centralization likely to work them mischief, and contend that the clever pupils will be attracted more than ever to London. The announcement that degrees will be granted by the proposed college scarcely relieves their anxiety, for already they complain of the system, largely adopted in the country, of examination of pupils by London professors, and fears are entertained that the new college will increase the evil by flooding the country with certificated teachers. Consideration should certainly be shown, by any body of men entrusted with the power of bestowing degrees, honours, and certificates, towards country music-masters, not a few of whom would successfully stand a general comparison, if not a special examination, with their town-dwelling judges. It should be borne in mind that many of them received their training in cathedrals scattered over the country, where the most solid education was to be found that England afforded. Yet fear is felt that such a practical class of men will be affected by regulations of a central body taking no heed of isolated modes, and scant opportunities of combined efforts in the musical education of past times. To hear of these matters the Prince of Wales did not at the meeting think fit to call upon musical professors for speeches. Perhaps he was wise therein. The professor is often, particularly if he hail from the north,\* found gifted with a sustaining eloquence that neither halts nor fails, and had such an one addressed the meeting the disputed *clôture* would have had a chance of proving its merits. Still, it is desirable that a conference of London and provincial musicians should be held, not to cavil at, much less to oppose, the proposals of our Prince, but rather to assist, by clear statements and sage councils, in the establishment of an institution honestly and generously intended for the good of national art and its professors.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

[That institution might be founded without prejudice to the Royal Academy of Music, Mr Gwffyn. The public would soon find out where the best teaching is to be got.—D. B.]

NEW YORK.—Returned from her concert-tour in the Southern States, the ineffable Adelina Patti was to appear in opera at the Germania Theatre. The works selected are *Il Barbiere*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Dinorah*.—[In all of which she is without compeer.—Dr Blüthgen.]

PARIS.—On Friday, the 3rd inst., Frédéric Szarvady, who died, aged 60, at his residence on the Boulevard Malesherbes, was conveyed to his last home. He was connected with music by his union with Wilhelmine Clauss, who now bewails his loss. Hungarian by birth, Szarvady had been mixed up in the politics of his native land, but for many years was settled in Paris.

\* Or sou'-east by son'.—Dr Blüthgen.

## THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

St James's Hall was filled to the doors on Monday night, and a number of people greatly desiring an entrance were turned away. The axiom that an effect has always a sufficient cause applies in this case as in every other, but the sufficiency must be more than commonly obvious when it is considered that Mdme Schumann, now a rare visitor to this country, made her first appearance for the season. Robert Schumann's widow, and the great artist who, more than a generation ago, made the name of Clara Wieck famous, will command increasing interest as long as she appears before the public. It is natural that this should be. The period she more particularly represents is rapidly receding towards that point in the past where venerated traditions begin to form, and where a nimbus of heroism akin to that of divinity encircles with a growing radiance illustrious heads. Besides, every year brings forward those to whom, on account of their youth, Mdme Schumann is little better than a name, and who desire a fuller knowledge while the opportunity of it remains. Consideration of these facts gave peculiar and touching interest to the reappearance of the great pianist on Monday night. It explained the eagerness with which her advent was awaited; the applause that greeted her presence, and the almost religious attention with which every note she produced was heard. Mdme Schumann played only once, but in doing even that she taxed her physical powers with a severity best appreciable by those who know what is involved in a performance of her late husband's *Fantasia in C major* (Op. 17). The chance of hearing this piece interpreted by the single artist who can do so with supreme authority was the more precious because the composition is not likely to be often attempted. It demands, besides rare manipulative skill, uncommon patience and perseverance of study, while the effect is, to say the least, uncertain upon other than a special audience. Mdme Schumann hid away the difficulties and the occasional crudities of the work under an easy masterfulness that brought out every element of beauty. It would be idle to say that the now venerable lady showed all her old power. The greatest in art lies as open as the least to the influence of Time, which, like the grim spectre that dogs its steps, knocks at all doors. But when an illustrious artist reaches this stage, he resembles some ancient temple—

"Before decay's effacing fingers  
Hath swept the lines where beauty lingers."

—a temple made the more lovely for the mellowing influence of years. Mdme Schumann's performance was a model of purity in style, of reverence for the author, and of modest self-pretension. Aiming at nothing but a simple translation of the composer's thoughts into sound, it achieved everything that legitimately crowns the work of interpretive art. That the opportunity of hearing Mdme Schumann on future occasions will be eagerly sought is a safe prophecy.

The programme contained, besides the *Fantasia in C*, Beethoven's *Quartet in E minor*, most exquisitely played by Messrs Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti; the same master's string *Trio in C minor*, and Bach's *Chaconne* for violin alone, the last named once more serving Herr Joachim for a marvellous effect. Miss Spencer Jones was the vocalist, and sang with marked acceptance.—D. T.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The programme selected for last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert was eminently classical, but—excepting one or two numbers of the programme—eminently dull. After "God save the Queen" had been played, in allusion to the recent attempt to shoot her Majesty, the band gave a fine performance of Spontini's overture, *Olympie*—a work which, despite their efforts, struck the public ear, now accustomed as it is to blare and flare, rage and roar, mystic utterances, and nothing much to utter—as a faded piece of tapestry would appeal to the public eye after the bright oil-paintings of the most glaring English colourists. Mr Manns and his devoted orchestra went for their losing game with a will; it was no fault of theirs that Spontini's voice was the voice of a slow period, that the Mendelssohn of the afternoon was a Samson bound by the Delilah of religious opposition, or that, as in the case of the national Hungarian "Ragoczy" March—quoted from Berlioz's *Faust*—they could not transform themselves into Hungarians for that occasion only. The enthusiasm of the performers, individually and collectively, saved the concert from entirely crushing the spirits of the audience, as, less perfectly rendered, such a programme must inevitably have done. The "Reformation" Symphony, which followed Spontini's overture, might be described by non-appreciators of the great subject as a long-drawn-out lugubriosity—by faithful adherents thereof and consequently swearers by the good John Bunyan—as a musical

*Pilgrim's Progress*. The spirit which changed the fanciful flights of a Meyerbeer into the grovelling groanings of the Anabaptists, might well curb the magnificent ideality of a Mendelssohn! A spirit, perhaps, of centering, causal, good, but whose rays alone, and whose substance never, could penetrate into art, the monarch of abstraction. Causes and art will never, can never, be amalgamated, any more than water and oil. Art is essentially homogeneous with effect. It is not the cause, but the effect, which links the subject with the artist. It is this which but too often enlists the artist on the wrong side; for beautiful causes have hideous effects, and *vice versa*. In the case of the Reformation, however grand, lofty, pure the cause, the effects were undeniably antagonistic to art. Mendelssohn's soaring spirit must have been attracted by the bold simplicity of his subject. To imagine he would embody a theme which could not compel that spirit's allegiance would be a dastardly insult flung upon his revered and respected grave. But, on approaching his subject it is evident that he was thrown back upon the very mental fount of his being, that fount which is out of the pale of expression. Cause alone can deal with cause, and from the effects of the Reformation his power of expression shrank. For, artistically speaking, what were they? Stripped churches, rudely whitewashed,—pictures, statues, every graceful art adornment destroyed, dreary discourses from black-robed, in many cases illiterate, men, instead of gorgeous ritual and polished addresses. The delicacies of life, fitting attire, house-decoration, politeness, all the subdued glitter of well-appointed society cast aside as "filthy rags;" instead, the bare human being glorying in uncouth ugliness and savagely upright as a John the Baptist! In but one instance was the great master himself, where, in the *scherzo* in which musical thought naturally becomes more puerile and feminine, he seemed to dream of some inaccessible Margaret, some fair-haired Puritan maiden whose mind, spotless as her coif and kerchief, was fixed asteadily upon her spinning-wheel as were her peaceful eyes. The dissatisfaction of the composer with his work is manifest in its close, which, attempting a climax, fails for very want of heart. "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," might tell, sung with rugged fervour by Puritan choirs, but played by a nineteenth century orchestra, it is a sham.

If Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*—a long domestic wail of sad bliss—had been applied as a final trial to patient Grisel, the chances are the good old tale would have been related otherwise. Frau Cosima must have a long-suffering soul, and Herr Wagner is to be congratulated on the possession of a son (the effort was made on behalf of his male infant), who, if he has not yet "learnt to labour," has evidently "learnt to wait," perhaps a more useful quality in the human young.

The soloists in this strange musical representation of the darkly dreary in life were Signor Foli (vocalist), and Miss Marie Krebs (instrumentalist). Signor Foli, who, to judge by the seemingly increasing bulk of his voice, should have a throat the size of the Tun of Heidelberg, gave Caspar's famous Aria, "Taci, Taci," from Weber's *Freischütz*, and Gounod's "She alone charmeth my sadness," the latter contribution doubtless creating a wish among the audience that there could really be present some "she" potent enough to charm away a growing sadness which even the bright, brilliant performances of Miss Marie Krebs failed to dispel. This clever German pianist chose to play an antiquated concerto of Ferdinand Ries, of which the best which can be said is, that the good old master looking into his mind, turning it upside down even, for a drain, and finding it empty, went out into the fields and tried to transcribe from the pleasant sounds provided us by Nature. Nature, perhaps, has appreciated the compliment, and has brought Miss Marie Krebs to be the interpreter of her acknowledgment. But even the long-practised fingers of the German lady failed to give life to the reflections of rustic scenes in the dimmed mirror held up by Herr Ferdinand Ries. Miss Krebs gave for her solos a *ballo* and *bourrée* by Gluck, and a charming "Octave Study" by her late father, Herr C. Krebs, her unusual mechanical skill earning her a well-merited re-call. The audience, indeed, in spite of their evident dejection, gratefully acknowledged the manifest efforts of the soloists by re-calling them after each of their performances; they also burst into applause at the sudden blaze of the Edison electric light, a new interest which revived them almost into an animated retreat, when the "Ragoczy" March brought the sorrowful concert to a close. ASTUR.

[I should like to have been at the concert described in such funereal hues, if only for the sake of that dear old Reformation Symphony ("bless it!"). No doubt, if our highly esteemed contributor (*who eat the programme out, by the way*) applied to Abbé Liszt, that famous lay(e)c(lastic, would re-arrange (or derange) the peccant work, which might thenceforth be announced as

*Symphony in D—"Reformation"*—MENDELSSOHN-LISZT.

The improvement would be impetuously manifest.—OTTO BRADB.]



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Balfe's opera, *Moro; or the Painter of Antwerp*, was given on Saturday morning instead of *Rienzi*, as originally announced. The cast was the same as heretofore, with the difference only that Mr Betjemann, with his usual readiness, performed the part of Orsini instead of Mr D'Egville. In the other parts Miss Burns, Mr M'Guckin, and Mr Crotty especially distinguished themselves, and the audience, fully impressed with the beauty and freshness of the melodies, received the work most cordially and applauded very heartily at every possible opportunity. The melodies of Balfe, in spite of what may be said, still find their way to the hearts of all lovers of music, and prove that he was possessed of the divine art of "finding out musical tunes," and had he been anything else but a child of Great Britain his countrymen would have given more honour than has yet been paid to him. At present "he lives in the people's hearts" chiefly, but it may be hoped that justice will speedily be rendered to him, and that at least a memorial tablet will be allowed a place in the National Walhalla, Westminster Abbey.

No other English musician has been so highly esteemed at home or abroad for his artistic powers as Michael William Balfe. No other single musician, English or foreign, has written for the best theatres in France, Italy, Germany, and England operas to *libretti* in the several tongues, many of which hold a good place in the repertoires of the lyric stage to this day. It is true there is a fine statue of him in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, the home of so many of his triumphs, but something more is wanted. The memory of the man who has given many thousands of his fellow-countrymen a series of the purest pleasures of sweet melody during his lifetime should be honoured by some national recognition in some spot hallowed by the relics of a thousand worthies in art, literature, and music, and the sooner this is done the sooner will one cause of reproach be lifted away from among us. Englishmen are not ungrateful to their heroes, excepting those in music.—*Morning Post*.

## Wagner's Ring in London.

(Communicated.)

On the 5th day of May next there will begin at Her Majesty's Theatre in London the performances of Richard Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. This grand work of music, which extends over four nights, will be represented four times. It is out of the question to give more than these four Cycles in England, since director Angelo Neumann has to return to Germany with his distinguished *troupe* of artists at the end of May. It will no doubt be of considerable interest to the musical public, to know something further about the artists who are going to take part in these remarkable performances. They are in fact the élite of all the most eminent and famous singers of the whole of Germany. On the top of the list stand Herr and Frau Vogl, who form the chief ornament of the Opera at Munich which is famous for possessing the very best singers in existence. The first appearance of this couple of singers in Berlin gave a striking proof of their unresisting power, which carries all before them. It is no wonder then, that Richard Wagner has entrusted Herr Vogl with the chief part in the ensuing performances of *Parafal* at Bayreuth. To this artist is joint Herr Albert Niemann, Opera Singer to H.M. the King of Prussia, who is acknowledged by the whole musical world to be the foremost representative of Tannhäuser and Lohengrin. Besides his art in singing, Herr Niemann possesses also an incomparable talent for dramatic action, which renders him of the highest value for Wagner's Music-dramas. The two prima-donnas, Frau Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann and Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, are stars of uncommon splendour; both were discovered by Herr Neumann; both have carried the Leipzig Opera to an unprecedented height of excellency; and both have created the loudest enthusiasm on the occasion of their appearance in Berlin. Herr Emil Scaria of Vienna possesses a base voice of such extraordinary power that he creates a sensation wherever he appears; in the characters of Wotan and Wanderer in the *Nibelung's Ring* he gained the highest admiration at Berlin last Spring. Herr Otto Schelper and Herr Heinrich Wiegand are both prominent members of the Leipzig Opera and rank equal in their artistic speciality with the two singers from Munich: Herr Theodor Reichmann and Herr Carl Schlosser, the former is a great favourite with the public wherever he goes and the latter was the celebrated "Mime" at the Bayreuth Festival Plays. Among Herr Neumann's Wagner Opera Company the following artists of excellent reputation must further be mentioned: Meadames Antonie Schreiber; Orlanda Riegler; Auguste Kraus and Katharina Klafsky as well as Herr Eilers. The direction of the Orchestra is placed in the hands of Herr Anton Seidl who has won the favor of Richard Wagner in the highest degree through the mastery with which he interprets his works. As

Mr Neumann has been favoured with the special permission from H.M. the King of Bavaria to use all the splendid scenery, costumes, armours, &c., which were employed at Bayreuth he hopes to render the representations in London even superior to those in Berlin. The Crown-prince of Germany at the time of the *Nibelungen* performances in Berlin expressed his conviction to Herr Neumann, that such perfect representations of this unique work would be sure to find full appreciation in London.

## WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

(Condensed from the "Brighton Guardian.")

When a real musician, composer, and pianist takes the responsibility of directing a series of concerts, we are bound to listen; but when that composer brings together seventy of the best instrumentalists of the day, entrusting the lead to a veteran like M. Sainton, and standing himself forward as conductor, we admire not only his pluck, but his reliance upon the public for support. Mr Macfarren presents us with orchestral concerts at popular prices, and after attending the first of these concerts what answer have we to give him? Are we to stand coldly looking on, or to applaud his motive and the manner in which his ideas have been carried out? No one can imagine that a tried and experienced man of the world, and a musician, believes that in a venture like this he sees profit. Mr Macfarren can have had but one object in view—a desire to show what can be done in music by earnest application and assiduous preparation. We have not too many good conductors at the present day, and this gentleman's appearance in front of his orchestra, without music or desk, directing Beethoven's C minor Symphony, was of itself noteworthy. Was it not Titian to whom a young artist exhibited a picture he had painted with his finger, and was received with this gentle reprimand, "Why did you not take your brush?" We may find some exclaiming that composers frequently give concerts to bring their own works before the public. On the present occasion, however, the *Concertstück* for pianoforte and MS. overture to *King Henry V.* did not exhibit any large amount of egotism, and Mr Walter Macfarren merits our thanks. Such a concert as he gave in St James's Hall is a gain to art and a boon to a music-loving people, who congregate most where moderate charges are demanded. Go to Carl Rosa's performances and look through all parts of the house, even the pit and the gallery, and afterwards tell us where you find the most commonplace people. It will assuredly not be in the cheaper parts of the house. Mr Macfarren has fixed his prices so low that every class imbued with a love for music can be gratified. Opening with the overture to *Oberon*, including Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, the MS. overture to *King Henry V.*, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture, and the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, the orchestra had plenty to do. The performance was all good, and some of it remarkably so. Mr Macfarren's *Concertstück* in E, for pianoforte, has been heard on several occasions, and bids well to become a concert-room favourite. Miss Margaret Gyde did full justice to the pianoforte part. There was no attempt at display, but thoroughly correct execution was combined with genuine taste. M. Sainton played Mendelssohn's concerto. The vocalists were Mr Santley and Miss Mary Davies.

PHOSPHOR.

## TIME.\*

Time may rob the eye of brightness,  
Take from nimble feet their lightness,  
Sunny locks may turn to gray,  
Cheeks may wither, health decay;  
But time can never, never part,  
The true love from a faithful heart.

Time may bring us joy and gladness,  
Or may change our mirth to sadness;  
Who knoweth as each day comes round  
If 'tis for weal or woe we're bound?—  
But this we know can ne'er depart—  
The true love of a faithful heart.

Time, alas! we know must sever,  
For we cannot live for ever;  
But still the recollection's sweet,  
We live in hopes on High to meet;  
For never, never can depart  
The true love of a faithful heart.

\* Copyright.

EMILY JOSEPHS.

\* The Carl Rosa Opera Company opens at the Royal Standard Theatre on Monday evening with *Mignon*, the *caste* being the same as at Her Majesty's Theatre.

## ST JAMES'S HALL.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

## THE THIRTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON  
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, 1882,  
At Eight o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, Op. 161, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schubert)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre," *Joshua* (Handel)—Miss Santley; Sonata Quasi Fantasia, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M<sup>me</sup> Schumann.

PART II.—Fantaisie-Stücke, Op. 88, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schumann), first time—M<sup>me</sup> Schumann, MM. Joachim, and Piatti; Song, "Zuleika" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Santley; Quartet, in G major, Op. 64, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 11, 1882,  
At Three o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

Quartet, in A major, Op. 41, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Ständchen" (Schubert)—M<sup>lle</sup> Kufferath; Sonata, in E flat, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M<sup>me</sup> Schumann; Kol Nidrei (Hebrew Me'ody), for violoncello, with pianoforte and harp accompaniment (Max Bruch)—Signor Piatti; Songs, "Das Veilchen" (Mozart), and "Frühlingslied" (Mendelssohn)—M<sup>lle</sup> Kufferath; Quartet, in D major, Op. 64, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. P.—Good; but to publish your letter would be high treason. SHEEPSHANKS OF THE SHETLANDS.—When you talk about Mendelssohn you should never talk about Schumann—and *vice versa*. They had absolutely nothing in common. Ask Omega of the Orkneys.

## MARRIAGES.

On Jan. 24th, at Tarbes (France), JULES LASSERRE, violoncellist, director of the Musical Union, London, to MARIE, daughter of Antoine Clarens, Inspecteur des Ecoles, Tarbes, France.

On March 7th, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, by the Rev. W. Conington, M.A., Vicar, FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, eldest son of FREDERICK BOWEN JEWSON, Esq., of 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, to HARRIETT, only daughter of the late HENRY DUNBAR PERKINS, Esq., of 16, Ovington Gardens, South Kensington.

## DEATHS.

On March 1st, at Jessamine Cottage, Boxmoor, Hants, JESSIE MILLAR, daughter of the late ANDREW THOMSON, of Glasgow, in her 56th year.

On March 6th, at 23, Wells Street, W., JOHN KELLY, R.A.M., for forty years a member of the Orchestras of Her Majesty's Theatre and Royal Italian Opera, aged 62.

## Sonnet.

Marsile! I writ thee letters full of import,  
Whereunto thou hast pay'd no attention.  
Yet, held they matters worthier of mention  
Than usually are found within a shrimp port.  
They were not noticeable for their trim port,  
Nor for such wit as should deserve a pension,  
And yet they never asked for a subvention  
Of any kind—And yet—However, *n'importe*.

I find that when I write to thee a letter  
Longer than others, I receive scant answer,  
And know not, therefore, how to act.—On Monday  
I fare me back to Paris, where I met her,  
And where I trust to meet thee, passing one day  
To Parzival, what time the world's in Cancer.

TURPIN L'ARCHEVÊQUE.

Heck! sirs, fine feathers ne'er mak' guid singin' birds.

HAL-O'-THE-WYND.



(At a Hostelry in the Nethergate, Dundee. SAM, the waiter, and BOOTS ower a dram). SAM. loquitur:—

Ye heard yon birkie frae the Sooth  
Wha sang sae sweet yestreen,  
Eh! man, he left his Sawbath claes  
Awa' in Aberdeen.

It seems thae porters i' the North  
Hae fa'en intae a mess—  
They packed his boxes i' the van  
That gaed tae Inverness.

He'd jist arrived at sax o'clock,  
An' in anither 'oor  
The concert room, quoth he, will be  
Cramm'd tae the verra door.

The coat he wore was heather tweed,  
His waicoot, breeks, an' a';  
Withoot his swally-tail, he vow'd  
He couldna sing awa'.

An' whan the 'half-past sax' cam' in  
Withoot his traiv'ling kist,  
My verra hert gaed tae my moo  
Tae see him shak' his fist.

His curly pow bleezed in a low,  
His e'en sic daigers gleamed,  
I thoct the birkie had gane vud,  
He raved, he bann'd, he screamed.

He spaik' o' fifteen hunner poun'  
The Company wad pay  
For keepin' back his Sawbath claes,  
Or sendin' them astray.

Weel, whan the storm was at its licht,  
The landlord he cam' doon,  
But stood dumfounded at the door  
Tae see the gyted loon.

Oor landlord is a ready chiel,  
An' ne'er was kent tae fail;  
He winkshise e: "Come, Sam," says he,  
"Strip aff yir swally-tail."

"Na, na," quoth I, "I'm sax fut twa,  
Ye ken that winna dee,  
The birkie in his stockin' soles,  
Stan's only five fut three."

"Come, come," says maister, "strip yir  
An' shorten't wi' some steeks, [coat,  
Gang up the stair at ance, an' bring  
My pair o' Sawbath breeks.

"Yir waicoot's noo a wee thing glazed,  
An' mine's a mile over big,  
Gang doon the yaird, get ostler Jim's;  
We'll mak' a sonsie rig."

"Nae suner said than dune," quoth I.  
We dressed him in a trice,  
It nicht ha'e been his weddin' suit,  
He looked sae sprig an' nice;

Folks winked and smiled, some said  
he'd come  
Frae Poole's, dressed tae a T,  
Sent doon by speshal telephone  
Tae chairm us in Dundee.

WEISTAR.



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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882.

### WAGNER'S KUNDRY.

OF all the characters Richard Wagner has imagined, that of Kundry, in *Parsifal*, is incomparably the greatest. To say that it might figure in the Gallery of Shakspeare's women, and fairly hold its place among them, is but unvarnished truth. Whoever represents Kundry at Bayreuth will have to undergo a trying ordeal. Now that Rachel has left us, we can only imagine one Kundry—Sarah Bernhardt. Think what we may about Wagner as musician, those who fail to recognize in him a mighty poet, a poet to be named with any, from *Æschylus* to Shakspeare, had better rub up their intellectual spectacles, and take a clearer view. In music he is Satan, if you please; in poetical drama quite the other thing. In either instance he is a man to be looked at with mixed curiosity and awe—a phenomenon, in short, whether for good or for evil our postcursors may instruct us by Telephone.

Who shall decide? &c.



St James's Hall.

ANAXIMANDER.—Well—now, what do you think of the *Mephisto-Walzer*? Bache knew how to conduct it.

ANAXIMENES.—Confound the *Mephisto-Walzer*! Give me a waltz by Strauss.

ANAXIMANDER.—You are incorrigible. From what I have gathered, you don't catch the ineffable subtlety of "Hungaria."

ANAXIMENES.—I nearly caught the *tritulus* after hearing it.

ANAXIMANDER.—What is the *tritulus*?

ANAXIMENES.—Such a combination of eccentric frenzy and involved maundering as makes up "Hungaria" invites *tritulus*.

ANAXIMANDER.—I thought you went enchanted.

ANAXIMENES.—Yes—enchanted to go.

[Exeunt severally.]

AN ACADEMY OF MUSIC FOR SCOTLAND.—At a meeting held in Edinburgh on Wednesday last it was resolved to establish an Academy of Music for Scotland. Subscriptions of £500 each have been promised by the Duke of Buccleuch and Earl Rosebery.

### CONCERTS.

A CONCERT, under the patronage of the Duchess of Leeds and other ladies of rank, given by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir in aid of the Lily Mission, Notting Hill, took place on the 21st ult. at the Vicarage room, Kensington. Oberthür's pretty and graceful cantata, *The Red Cross Knight*, was performed by the choir, the principal soli parts being taken by Mdme Worrell and Miss Spencer Jones. Besides this, the lady amateurs sang Henry Smart's part song, "The Honey Bee," and Schumann's "Gipsy Life," arranged by Arthur O'Leary for ladies' voices only. In all these pieces the choir evinced, as result of their training, a precision and certainty, combined with so much musical *verve*, that the fashionable and numerous audience was fairly taken by surprise. The result must be as highly gratifying as it is creditable to the musical enthusiasm of Mrs Arthur O'Leary, under whose direction the concert took place. Lady Benedict, who was warmly received, kindly gave her valuable assistance, and played "Pappendieck's Minuet" and Chopin's "Valse Posthume." Mdme Worrell sang Gounod's "Worker," and Rosetta O'Leary, "I know my love loves me," the last being warmly applauded. Miss S. Jones gave "The Banks of Allan Water," and Mr W. Bolton, Tosti's "For ever and for ever," together with Barri's "The King of the Company." The concert concluded with Herr Oberthür's arrangement for harp and piano of airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, excellently played by the composer and Miss Frances Smith, which proved a spirited wind-up to a highly successful afternoon. Miss Foskett and Mrs E. Fowles assisted in accompanying the songs.

HERR RIECHELMANN, for many years organist of St Paul's, and director of a successful series of popular concerts in Malta, where he achieved a deservedly high reputation as a musical professor, is now resident in this country, where he has instituted a similar series of concerts, the first two being held at New Cross, and the third at Forest Hill. The programme of the last concert included two of Herr Riechelmann's compositions, the first, a song entitled "The Easter Robe," sung with true artistic feeling by Mdme Crewe-Riechelmann, with organ *obbligato* (Mr A. Crockford); and the second, a pianoforte solo entitled "The Volunteer's Farewell," which, with a "Nocturne" by Chopin, afforded Herr Riechelmann an opportunity for the display of his ability as a pianist. His performance was thoroughly appreciated. Mdme Crewe-Riechelmann, in addition to gaining an encore for "The Easter Robe," gave "Caller Herrin'," and "The Miller and the Maid" (Marzials), which were both heartily encored. Gifted with a soprano voice of unusual compass, Mdme Riechelmann sings with judgment and ability, and cannot fail to secure due recognition in the world of music. Her rendering of the favourite old Scotch song was especially praiseworthy, and the song substituted as an encore, "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town," was no less acceptable.

HAMMERSMITH.—Mr and Mrs John Cheshire gave a concert at the Broadway Lecture Hall on Monday evening, March 6. The artists were Mesdames Frances Brook and Frith; Misses Georgina Burns and Helene Arnim; Messrs Arthur Hooper, Alfred Moore, and Edwyn Frith; Mrs John Cheshire (pianist), and Mr Cheshire (harp). The programme consisted of songs, duets, &c., chiefly by modern composers, and though long, nearly every piece was redemanded. Herr Lehmeier very ably accompanied the vocal pieces, and the attendance was satisfactory.

HERR BONAWITZ gave an evening concert on Tuesday, March 7th, at St James's Hall, in aid of the funds of Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home. He was assisted by Mr William Carter's choir and orchestra, and by the Misses Annie Marriott and Helen D'Alton, Mr William Shakespeare and Signor Foli (vocalists); Mdles Bertha and Cecilie Brousil, Messrs Alvis and Adolph Brousil (instrumentalists). The first part was taken up by the performance (under Herr Bonawitz's direction) of that composer's Requiem, a clever work abounding in contrapuntal skill, which obtained favour on a previous occasion when introduced to the musical world of London. The Requiem was first produced by Mr Faulkner Leigh (for whom the tenor music was originally written), at St Matthias Church, Earl's Court, on March 11th, in last year (see *The Musical World* of March 19th, 1881). The subject necessitates a certain dreariness of theme. Herr Bonawitz, doubtless feeling how easily he might be dull where he would most wish to be sublimely solemn, has chosen short subjects and treated them shortly. If he has thus temporarily clipped the wings of his muse that she might not soar into the heights of post-mortem thought where Verdi revelled, the effect upon the hearer is that Herr Bonawitz is a modest as well as a clever man. Perhaps he is heard at his best in the second of the two movements of his Quintet in G minor, which he played in conjunction with the Mdles and Messrs Brousil. In this essentially charming *scherzo*, or rather *intermezzo* (an *allegretto* with a flowing legato subject), there is imagination, pathos,

and fanciful and suggestive thought, which can hardly be said of the equally masterly Requiem. The second part of the concert included songs by Misses Marriott and Helen D'Alton, Mr William Shakespeare and Signor Foli, all of whom were applauded and recalled, Signor Foli obtaining a perfect ovation for his magnificent rendering of "Qui sdegno." Signor Bonawitz appeared, late in the evening, in the capacity of solo pianist, playing the first movement of Schumann's Fantasia and Chopin's Polonaise in A flat.

On Tuesday evening the Schubert Society held their 102nd *Soirée Musicale*. The locale was the Marlborough Room, which was completely filled by an enthusiastic audience. Want of space compels us to omit details. Suffice it that all exerted themselves *con amore*. Herr Schubert, the energetic director, must be congratulated on the success of the *soirée*.

#### PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—Before the weekly practising of the University Musical Society on Friday week at the Music Class-room, Sir Herbert Oakeley said—The first piece in our concert programme which ought to be sung to-day by loyal subjects of the Queen, represented by students who come to the University of Edinburgh from most parts of an empire on which the sun never sets, is "Here's a health unto her Majesty," and, before we separate, the National Anthem. When I heard in London of the atrocious attempt, I determined to return in time for this meeting to hear you sing "God save the Queen," and perhaps to convey your indignation at what has occurred, and your thankfulness for what has been mercifully averted. I need hardly ask you, gentlemen, to rejoice at the providential prevention of that which might have been a terrible calamity. The practice "went" with unusual spirit, and at its close the National Anthem was sung by the students, to the full power of the organ, with the utmost loyalty and enthusiasm. The following telegram was sent:—"Herbert Oakeley, Edinburgh, to General Sir Henry Ponsonby, Windsor Castle. A choral class of students now assembled respectfully desire to express horror at dastardly attempt, and gratitude at its frustration. National Anthem just sung with loyal devotion. God save the Queen!"

ROCHESTER.—The number of successful concerts given by the Rochester Choral Society has been increased by that of Monday evening, Feb. 20th (the twenty-ninth subscription concert, and second of the present season). The band consisted of some of the best players attached to the famous Crystal Palace orchestra, led by Mr Jacques Rosenthal, and the principal singers were M<sup>me</sup> Patey and Mr Abercrombie, the lady winning unanimous approbation and an encore for M. Watson's "Winter Story" (harmonium *obligato*, the Rev. W. H. Nutter), and the gentleman for Handel's "Where'er you walk." The band, ably conducted by the Rev. W. H. Nutter, played, among other pieces, the overture, *scherzo*, and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, together with Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde* remarkably well; and the chorus "scored" a success with a concerted piece from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. Mr Rosenthal, the highly-esteemed leader of the orchestra, played the *andante* and *finale* from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and acquitted himself to perfection. He was most ably accompanied by the band, and, at the conclusion, compelled to return and bow his acknowledgments for the hearty applause awarded to his performance. Mr F. E. Gladstone's nautical chorus, "A wet sheet and a flowing sail," which concluded the first part of the programme, was capably rendered by the members of the Society, conducted by the composer, who, at the conclusion, received quite an "ovation." The successful performance by the band of Herr A. J. Kappey's gavotte, "Stella," must be chronicled. It was admirably conducted by the Rev. Mr Nutter, in the unavoidable absence of the composer. This was followed by Mr Gaul's setting of Longfellow's "Silent Land," so well sung by the choir that it met with general approbation. Miss Kappey and the Rev. Mr Nutter accompanied the songs.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.—A new Symphony (MS.) in D minor, "Elegiac," by C. Villiers Stanford, organist of Trinity College and conductor of the University Musical Society, was brought to a first hearing in public on Tuesday evening last, at the Society's Lenten terminal orchestral concert in the Guildhall, Cambridge. Its entitlement, "Elegiac," is to be accounted for by the fact that it is intended to reflect the ideas and emotions embodied in Tennyson's lines (in his *In Memoriam*), "I cannot see the features right"; but how far it does so, or whether it might not with equal reason be entitled "Tragic" or "Heroic," may best be left to future discussion, especially as it is by no means improbable that shortly it will be heard in London, and that thus an early opportunity of reverting to it will be accorded. For the present it suffices to state that full justice was done to it in performance by an

excellent band brought from London, led by Messrs A. Burnett and R. Gompertz, conducted by the composer himself; and that the general impression it made, and the reception it met with, were most favourable. The programme of the rest of the concert, which was exclusively orchestral, was a highly exemplary one, including, as it did, Beethoven's overture, *Coriolanus*, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, Brahms' Violin Concerto, and Joachim's Variations for Violin and Orchestra; Herr Joachim, the "lion" of the evening, being the incomparable exponent of the last two named works.—C. A. B.

#### CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

With the *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* at hand, it was not expected that Mr Carl Rosa would in any serious degree commit the fortunes of his present enterprise to Herr Wagner's Meyerbeer-cum-Spontiui opera, *Rienzi*—the work of a time when the master was casting about to get on in the world, and could not feel the weight of principles he had not formed. *Rienzi* was given on Monday night for the first and last time this season, with Herr Schott as the Roman tribune, and Madame Alwina Valleria as a new representative of Irene. The general performance lacked nothing of scenic effect, for the stage manager, upon whom the work so much depends, did his best with the means supplied by a liberal *entrepreneur*. All was pomp and show—a series of pictures elaborate in design, brilliant in colour, and varied in character. Neither as to music nor drama, perhaps, would Herr Wagner, condescending to notice this outcome of his artistic "wild oats," have been completely satisfied; but neither could he have blamed with more than light and passing words, seeing that the representation was an ephemeral feature of the season, holding the boards for a night only. We have no new criticism upon Herr Schott's *Rienzi*. As a vocal effort it remains somewhat painful, and the fact consoled us for the loss of the prayer in the final act; that and much other having to be omitted owing to the lateness of the hour. As a dramatic effort it claims higher rank, perhaps, than before. Herr Schott certainly makes a hero of the strange mediæval man, who, at one moment, promised to revive the glories of ancient Rome. Dignified and noble in bearing, generous in prosperity, and brave in adversity, he enables an audience to comprehend the marvellous fortune of the character, and throws into high relief the fickleness and ingratitude which since history began have prompted mobs to destroy the erstwhile objects of their worship. The German tenor once more made a great "hit" as an equestrian. A clear stage was kept for him by the Roman forces, and he witched every looker-on with noble horsemanship, those excepted, perhaps, who being near were terrified by such unwonted caracolings. The steed, it must be owned, was neither fiery nor impatient. Piebald of aspect, appropriately Roman as to nose, and contemplative in point of mood, Herr Schott's charger preferred to stand still and regard with mildly speculative eye the appearance of Mr Randegger. But the rider had armed heels, and with these he produced a semblance of equine vigour highly becoming a war-horse whose neck should be clothed with thunder and whose voice should respond "Ha, ha!" to the trumpets. Altogether the exhibition was a grand success, and when, in obedience to a re-call, Herr Schott dashed on to the stage with seeming intent to leap the orchestra, triumph reached a climax. As Irene, M<sup>me</sup> Valleria showed how competent she is to represent Wagnerian heroines. The part is not a very important one, and some of the best music was, for the reason already stated, left out on Monday night; nevertheless, M<sup>me</sup> Valleria, by her intelligent acting and sympathetic singing, invested the Tribune's sister with a charm greater than might have been anticipated. Among recent incidents in the record of the lyric stage none is more noteworthy than the powerful use this gifted lady has made of her opportunities. She now occupies a position not less enviable than deserved, and one all the more to be prized because it has been gained by a steady course of development before the eyes of those among whom her lot is cast. Miss Yorke made good use of her opportunities in the really important part of Adriano, and gained much applause after her chief pieces; while characters of inferior consequence were sustained more or less well by Miss Clara Perry (Messenger of Peace), Mr W. Bolton (Orsini), Mr H. Pope (Rainondo), Mr Dudley Thomas (Baroncelli), and Mr Snazelle (Cecco). The performance was conducted by Signor Randegger with extreme care and corresponding success. No point seemed to escape his watchfulness either in the orchestra or on the stage.—D. T.

Friedrich Grützmacher will, in compliance with the request of the committee, play Raff's Violoncello Concerto at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Pesth. He will afterwards visit professionally other Hungarian towns.

## MR BACHE'S CONCERT.

Regarding the works performed at Mr. Bache's concert in St James's Hall, on Thursday evening, and as to the manner of their execution, there is very little to be said. Liszt was the only composer favoured by his devoted and self-sacrificing pupil, while the pieces chosen from the catalogue of that master—and Liszt is a master of his own peculiar theory and practice—were not given for the first time. The "Mephisto-Walzer" and the "Faust Symphony" had been heard and discussed on a previous occasion, which fact may have supplied a reason to most people why they should not come forward again, and is certainly a justification for present silence about their particular character and claims. Uncommon merit in performance goes without saying. Having made his choice, Mr Bache is not the man to spare any effort or outlay demanded by the exigencies of the music. This is right enough and praiseworthy; the wonder, of course, lies in such a selection as that we have indicated. But "so many men, so many minds," and there never yet has been a monstrous or eccentric development in art without plenty of otherwise sensible people to swear by it.

Talk is occasionally heard of a change now going on in musical taste amongst us. We do not believe that it exists. Somewhat more curiosity appears to be felt with regard to novelties, and the sign is a healthy one, while the demonstrations made on first nights by the German colony give an appearance of enthusiasm which might easily be mistaken for English. It would, no doubt, be absurd to contend that the strange developments of modern music are supported in this country by foreigners alone. There are plenty of Englishmen who put their faith in the gospel of incoherence, noise, and vulgarity. But they are a very small minority, and thus far no sign of successful proselytizing appears. Mr Bache, assuredly, cannot boast of success as Liszt's missionary. For years he has been "instant in season and out of season;" yet, under the most favourable circumstances, he is unable to fill St James's Hall. We are sorry for him. His endeavour is pathetic in its constancy, and deserves a better fate as well as a better cause. But we cannot pretend to feel regret on account of art. Who weeps when a good ship, paying no heed to false lights that would lure to destruction, goes safely on to her appointed harbour? As far as the good ship music is liable to be affected by Liszt's "symphonic poems," there is even special reason for gladness, since those works exemplify all that is most harmful in the fantastic ideas we are now-a-days asked to accept as advanced. Taking Liszt's "symphonic poems" at the estimate formed of them by their admirers, the noblest function of music belongs to the past. The "divine maid" has no longer a mission of her own to which she, of herself, is competent. "C minor" symphonies are out of fashion, together with the appeal they make to the seat of feeling and imagination, and the power with which they lift a sympathetic hearer above material things into a world which words cannot describe or thought compass. We are far from saying that programme music is illegitimate. It has a rightful place; but, while allowing this, we contend that the place is, by comparison, a humble one. Programme music can rise no higher than its subject, and at what a low level that subject is often found! It even bids us descend lower and lower as time goes on. Sebastian Bach was satisfied to deal with a family incident, but in their eagerness to gratify the sensationalism of the age, the great master's latest successors drag music through charnel-houses; make her associate with dancing skeletons, the very rattle of whose bones she is called upon to imitate; put her on horseback with galloping fiends, and soil her purity with the filth of the stews. Everyone knows that this is so. Examples are frequently before us, and are held up to our admiration, in the name of liberty and progress. The war against such things, and the principles from which they spring, should be a war to the bitter end. There can be no compromise consistent with fidelity to the pure art so prostituted and made ashamed. As regards the method of Liszt in his orchestral music enough is known. The piano virtuoso, thanks to Mr Bache, no longer stands upon his trial, nor can less than the blindness of the typical fanatic refuse to

see the justice of condemnation. To this end the concert of last Thursday served, and was, therefore, not without good. Apropos, let us congratulate ourselves that Liszt is far from being a very dangerous foe to orchestral art. He comes in no disguise, nor need we ask for the touch of Ithuriel's spear to reveal his true nature. This is something, because an evil discerned is half disarmed.—*D. T.*



## NO "TEACHIN POWER" IN ENGLAND.

Mr Charles Hallé, in moving a resolution approving the scheme for the establishment of a National Conservatoire, said England was the only country in Europe which did not possess such an institution, and yet it was the most music-loving, as distinguished from music-making, country in the world. There was a great lack of competent teaching power in the country,\* and there were no means by which young people who promised to become good musicians could be trained, unless their parents were possessed of ample means. The lack of teaching power would be met by the proposed institution, which would create a number of thorough musicians. It was intended to give education gratuitously to all pupils at the Conservatoire, but they would be bound to go through the full course of five or six years' study. In this respect the Conservatoire would differ from existing institutions, where pupils paying fees could enter for as many terms as they pleased. There would be more English vocalists and more musicians in the front rank if they could complete their education at home. A Frenchman, a German, a Swede, a Dutchman could complete his education in his own country, but an Englishman had to be sent abroad to finish his musical education.† This would no longer be necessary when the Conservatoire was established, and he believed it would be so beneficial in its effects that it would change the musical face of the country completely.

BERLIN.—Marianne Brandt, who leaves the Royal Operahouse on the 1st May, has had offers from managers in Germany and abroad. In May and June she is engaged for six weeks at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. She then goes to London for a brief period. In July and the first half of August, she will be in Bayreuth, to "create" the part of Kundry, in Wagner's *Parsifal*. In October and November, she gives a series of performances at the Theatre Royal, Munich. For December of the present year and March, 1883, she has signed with Angelo Neumann for his Wagner-representations; with Stagemann, of Leipsic, she is engaged for four weeks, and among other impersonations she includes Lea in Rubinstein's *Maccabæans*.—To fit themselves for appearing at the Royal Operahouse, several Italian "stars" are studying German. Among the gentlemen may be named the tenor, Sylva, while among the representatives of the gentler sex is the too fascinating Belocca, expected to appear in May. At present, the gifted lady is at St Petersburg.

\* Who taught Sterndale Bennett?

† Because the Germans won't let them stay at home.



## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concert (the last evening concert but two of the present series), given on Wednesday evening at St James's Hall, met with the usual success of these very popular entertainments, the singers being Mmes Marie Roze and Antoinette Sterling, Misses Mary Davies and Damian, Messrs Frank Boyle, Barrington Foote, and Santley, together with the South London Choral Society. The first part of the programme chiefly consisted of Mr Arthur Sullivan's compositions, the exceptions being the grand scena from *Der Freyschütz*, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," given with dramatic fervour by Mme Marie Roze, who was twice called back to receive the well-merited applause she deserved, Bishop's "Pretty mocking bird" (flute obbligato, Mr Nicholson), sung by the same lady, and unanimously encoired; and Marzials' "Leaving yet loving" (Mr Barrington Foote, "re-called"). In the second part, repetitions of Stephen Adams' "Children of the City" (Miss Damian); the same composer's "Little Hero" (Mr Maybrick); Sullivan's "Chorister" (Mme Sterling); Molloy's "Boatswain's Story" (Mr Santley, who then gave "Gipsy John"); and Harrington's part-song, "Dame Durden" (South London Choral Society), were insisted on, and acceded to with becoming politeness by the several artists named. At the concert on Wednesday next, a new patriotic song by Tennyson, entitled "Hands all round," the music arranged by Mr Villiers Stanford, will be sung by Mr Santley. Mr Sidney Naylor was, as usual, accompanist, and the hall was fully and fashionably attended.

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## MR AND MRS GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

A more ambitious effort than has hitherto been made by that clever company of dramatic vocalists giving a distinctive character to the entertainments presented at St George's Hall, Langham Place, is to be recognized in a recent addition to their always inviting programme. Under the title of *The Head of the Poll*, a drawing-room operetta in two acts now occupies the place of the light musical sketches formerly furnishing a couple of hours' agreeable diversion, and the sustained interest shown by the audience in the novelty claiming their close attention through a longer period than usual affords the best testimony to the histrionic as well as vocal ability displayed by those engaged in the representation. This lively musical comedy, written by Mr Arthur Law, is associated with some tuneful compositions by Mr Eaton Fanning, whose ballads and concerted pieces have at least the recommendation of falling pleasantly on the ear. Mr Jeremiah Upshotte, a wealthy man of low origin and high ambition, employs his money to secure a place in Parliament and a private secretary to write his speeches. Speedily he finds a desire to distinguish himself without the ability to sustain his position has created a series of terrible embarrassments, and he at last perceives that to be at the "head of the poll" is not to attain the height of human felicity. Mr Alfred Reed very humorously depicts the attributes of this aspiring vulgarian, while Mr Corney Grain, as an artful fortune-hunter known as Colonel Deeplock, presents a careful study of character remarkable for force of expression and finish of detail. Miss Fanny Holland prominently appears in the cast as the shrewd Mrs Lovell, who ingeniously contrives to unmask the schemes of the mercenary adventurer; and Mme Alice Barth and Mr North Home satisfactorily fill their respective positions as the pretty niece, Arabella, and her ardent admirer, Charles Wardale, whose disinterested attachment is suitably rewarded. A humorous song, admirably rendered by Miss Fanny Holland, and a pretty ballad, sung by Mr North Home, naturally invite demands for a repetition. The woodland glade, in which the bustling incidents of the last act take place, is a remarkably effective sylvan scene. Mr Corney Grain's new musical sketch, called *Not at Home*, introduced for the first time on Saturday afternoon to the very numerous audience assembled on the occasion, is a most important feature of the re-constituted programme, and, under the influence of this accomplished interpreter of the language of music, nearly every note struck on the piano becomes the signal for a peal of hearty laughter. Explaining that once in his bachelor chambers he had declared himself "not at home," he proceeded to show how the perpetration of this very venial fib was punished by the intrusion into his apartment of a series of tiresome visitors, who would not accept a society phrase in a literal fashion. Among his several persecutors, whose distinct peculiarities are all most graphically depicted, is numbered a popular "entertainer," who insists on giving a portion of a musical monologue offered to the public under the title of "Grigshy's Grins." How Mr Corney Grain sings a polyglot ballad in English, German, French, and Italian; imitates a violon-

cello solo interrupted by the sound of a saw and the popping of soda-water bottles; trolls forth an exhilarating laughing song running through the whole gamut of merriment; adds a Scotch ditty with marvellous mimicry of the bagpipes; and winds up with "Jumbo," a minstrel melody of the approved "Moore and Burgess" school, will soon become pleasant subjects of comment in many social circles. *Not at Home* exhibits refined humour and artistic skill once more most happily commingled.—D. T.

—o—

## THEODOR KULLAK.

BY ALB. FRIEDENTHAL.

A sad piece of intelligence will spread from Berlin over the entire musical world: that great artist and incomparable professor of the pianoforte, Theodor Kullak is no more. The celebrated master was suddenly and unexpectedly carried off by apoplexy in the 64th year of his age. On the day before his death, he was teaching in his Academy till 6 o'clock, p.m.; he then attended a concert got up by his lady-teachers; went to bed in good health, and rose in good health next morning, the 1st inst. He was just about to begin giving his lesson, at half-past 7 a.m., when he suddenly felt ill. The fit followed—and he breathed his last. The writer of these lines has seen him in his coffin. There lies the man we shall never forget; his features wear a pleasing, mild expression, without a sign of pain. His burial will take place with due solemnity next Saturday afternoon.\* Let us cast a glance over his life.

Theodor Kullak was born on the 12th September, 1818, at Krotoszin, not far from the Russian frontier. His father, who held a secretaryship there, directed his earliest studies. The boy showed wonderful talent when he was only five, being able to play any melody he had once heard. When in his seventh year, he composed a march, which was publicly performed by the military bands in Meseritz. Shortly afterwards he went to Posen, and became known to Prince Anton Radziwill, who soon took a lively interest in him. He here had musical lessons of an excellent master, named Agthe. Prince Radziwill then sent him to Berlin, where he created an extraordinary impression at Court, especially on the King. Unfortunately Prince Radziwill died not long subsequently, and the pecuniary assistance afforded by him stopped, so the boy, then twelve years old, was sent to the Gymnasium at Züllichau, where he remained seven years. After passing his examination, he went to study medicine in Berlin. He was then in very bad circumstances. He industriously pursued, however, his musical studies under Dehn, and his former master, Agthe, who had settled in the Prussian capital. He quickly once again attracted the attention of families of distinction. A Mme von Massor sent him on a successful artistic visit to Austria, and in Vienna he completed his musical training under Czerny, Sechter, and Nicolai. He was then recalled to Berlin to give lessons at Court. He was soon teacher to all the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family, especially the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess Victoria. In 1846, he was appointed Pianist to the Court. In 1850, he founded, in conjunction with Stern and Marx, a Conservatory, but, in 1855, took the sole direction of it himself. He called it the New Academy of Music (*Neue Akademie der Tonkunst*), and two years ago celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its existence. It is, probably, the largest art-academy in the world, being attended by about 1,200 pupils, and employing some 100 teachers. Kullak taught there for twenty-seven years, from early in the morning to late in the evening, only taking a holiday-trip of from six to eight weeks in the summer. At present, there he lies, the great master to whom pupils flocked from all parts; the great master who formed so many pianists and music-teachers, now scattered about in all quarters of the globe; there he lies—in his coffin!

LEIPZIG.—Compelled by a severe nervous attack, Arthur Nikisch, conductor at the Stadttheater, has gone to Sorrento to recruit his health. In consideration of his meritorious services, the Town Council voted him a special grant for expenses.—The programme of the Bach Society's second Sacred Concert contained: "The Forty-second Psalm for Chorus and Orchestra," Handel; "Toccata in D minor for Organ," and cantata, "Halt im Gedächtniss Jesum Christ," J. S. Bach. Degenhardt presided at the organ.

\* The 4th inst.—ED. M. W.

## MR WALTER (FRANZ) BACHE (LISZT).

(From the "Daily News.")

This event (last week) gave fresh evidence of Mr Bache's enthusiastic belief that Liszt is a great composer, this year's concert having been a still stronger demonstration of Mr Bache's conviction than any of the previous occasions, inasmuch as the programme consisted only of Liszt's music. As every one of the pieces then performed has before been commented on, and as we have several times recorded our opinion that Liszt's ambition far exceeds his power, and that he frequently mistakes aggressive self-assertion, contempt of all classical models, and incoherent frenzy for original genius and genuine musical inspiration, we need merely record this fresh effort of Mr Bache to gain wider acceptance of his favourite composer. Mr Bache has the merit of being the first to enable an English public to form a judgment of Liszt's orchestral works by the hearing of fine performances, but this has usually been done in association with works by recognized masters. The departure this year from that course argues an impression either that such a mixed programme would offer comparisons unfavourable to Liszt (a very likely result), or that his music is so great as to command undivided and prolonged attention. Opinions differ on this last point, and will probably long continue at variance. At all events, Mr Bache's concert drew a large number of hearers, most of whom listened attentively, if not admiringly, to the Festival March composed for the commemoration of Goethe's birthday, at Weimar, in 1849; the Mephisto-Walzer (from Liszt's musical illustrations to scenes from Lenau's *Faust*), and the *Faust* Symphony, this last occupying upwards of an hour in performance. Of this monstrous piece of exaggeration the best that can be said is that the least disagreeable portion is the second division, illustrative of Margaret's love scenes, which may compare advantageously with the preceding *Faust* movement, and the closing Mephistopheles division. The tenor solo was well declaimed by Mr Barton M'Guckin, and the "chorus mysticus" efficiently sung by a choir of about eighty voices—tenors and basses. The orchestral playing was excellent.

Mr Bache conducted with a zeal and care that would have been more worthily bestowed on better music.

## ALFRED JAEHL.

The obsequies of this pianist, one of our most renowned "virtuosos," took place last week. He was the son of a violinist of repute, and first saw the light in Trieste on the 5th March, 1832. After coming out between the acts of an opera at the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, he commenced a course of travels, which made his talent known throughout Europe and even America. For some years, however, he was settled in Paris, and, without abandoning the career of a travelling artist, devoted himself especially to teaching. He married one of his most brilliant pupils, Mlle Trautmann, whose playing formed an interesting contrast to his own. He was no less distinguished and respected as a man than as a musician. His loss is deeply regretted by those who counted among his friends; and they were many. In his volume dedicated to contemporary "virtuosos," our eminent musicographic professor, Marmontel, has reserved for Alfred Jaehl a place of honour. Among the biographical details, we find the following interesting lines:—

Little Alfred Jaehl began learning the violin as soon as he was five years old. His progress was so rapid that, when he was six, he played in public Rode's Concerto in A minor. Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, who was passing through Trieste, where he enjoyed the confraternal hospitality of Jaehl Senr., was astounded by the child's precocious virtuosity; Alfred tried to imitate Ole Bull and discover the secret of his mechanism. A long illness, however, obliged him to give up the violin. When he was seven, he entreated his father to give him pianoforte lessons, his delicate organization interdicting him from studying the instrument of his choice. His father held out long, but at length yielded. The infant prodigy made such progress that, when only eight years old, he took part in a concert given by his father. At ten, he played at the Scala, Milan, and subsequently at Venice, Genoa, and Florence. Finally, his father, feeling that the boy required for his special education a master of the highest authority, left Trieste and took him

to Vienna, where he studied under Czerny, a master universally consulted. After some years under Czerny, Jaehl undertook a tour through Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium; being everywhere welcomed as an infant prodigy. On passing (in 1845) through Stuttgart, Liszt gave him a kind greeting, and presented him to the Court of Wurtemberg. In 1846, Jaehl first went to Paris, where he received advice from Chopin—then approaching the last period of the disease which ended in his too early death. Jaehl preserved a grateful recollection of these relations of his youth. Chopin's memory and works were still for him the *beau idéal*. In 1817, the *Gazette Musicale* and the *Journal des Débats*, speaking with the authoritative voice of Hector Berlioz, published a eulogistic notice of the two concerts given at the Salle Erard "by a young pianist of fifteen, named Jaehl." Berlioz, who seldom praised "virtuosos," said that the boy possessed all the mastery of a "virtuoso" of fifty, "who had practised fifteen hours a day!" —(*Le Ménestrel*.)

—O—

## THE CENTENARY OF AUBER.

(From the "Musical Times.")

The celebration of the centenary of the birth of the composer Auber, which has recently taken place in Paris, was the occasion of one of those *fêtes* which are so thoroughly in harmony with the genius of the French people, and into the spirit of which they enter with such adorable enthusiasm. In doing honour to the memory of their most representative composer, the Parisians were not merely discharging a debt due to a most eminent musician, a Frenchman, and, above all, a Parisian of the Boulevards; they honoured also the genius of comedy, both as exemplified in the animated dramatic works of Scribe, and in the rare genius of the master of *opéra comique*. In the quaint town of Caen, so typical to Englishmen of all that is Norman, there is to be unveiled next May a statue by M. Delaplanche of Daniel François Esprit Auber, to be placed between those of Elie Beaumont and Malherbe. The father of Auber has been variously represented as having been a dealer in prints in Paris and in charge of the royal preserves, the latter being probably his occupation at the time of the birth of the composer; it is certain that his illustrious son was born at Caen on Jan. 29th, 1782, and that he died in Paris on the 11th of the melancholy May of 1871. With the exception of a short sojourn in London when a youth, in the uncongenial atmosphere of an office, Auber lived the whole of his long existence in Paris, and in an extremely circumscribed area of that city, mostly in the Rue Georges, frequenting the Boulevards, and occasionally varying his rides and drives in the Bois de Boulogne with an excursion to St Germain. His love of Paris and city life was as consistent and remarkable as Johnson's love of Fleet Street. He was in the habit of noticing the return of summer, the long days of which season he heartily disliked, by replacing the curtains and hangings of his room with those of lighter texture and colour, remarking that his *collaborateur*, Scribe, brought to him in his plays all of the country he found requisite for his purposes. When the rigorous exclusiveness of this town life is considered, the unvarying and delightful freshness of his compositions is most remarkable; it would seem that he possessed in an eminent degree one faculty of the poet, that power of complete self-absorption and clear command over the creatures of his reveries, for he was by nature a visionary. The large expressive eyes of the musician and the strong development of the temples, as are well shown in his portraits, indicate his possession of the idealizing faculty. The freshness and fecundity of his inspiration are alike marvellous. It is notable how throughout his long and successful career the same wonderful freshness of melody, the engaging charm of his style, the facile spontaneity of phrase, are always apparent: from the production of his first successful work, *La Bergère Châtelaine*, in 1820—from the climacteric periods that witnessed the success of *La Muette de Portici* and *Fra Diavolo*—down to the work of his old age, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, these qualities are more or less present in all his works. That the operas of Auber are little performed now in England is partly owing to the caprice of fashion, partly to the fact that *opéra comique* has never found but a very temporary home in our uncongenial atmosphere; we find, as a people, infinite solace and delight in the lofty and dignified works of MM. Offenbach and Hervé, whereas the frivolities of *Le Domino Noir* and *Dieu et la Bayadère* are an offence to our gravity. The very even tenor of Auber's life was broken by nothing more exciting than a *première* at the Opera and the usual *réunions* in his artistic circle; and it is probable that the last weeks of his life were more fraught with trial to the venerable composer than any period of his existence. In the circumstances of his death it is a touch of irony that he who had made the heart of Paris to be merry for half a century, and with such success,

should die in the midst of the discordant and convulsive throes of the Commune.

It is curious to mark that, at a time when the influence of Wagner was making itself powerfully apparent in the works of other composers, the French alone seemed to be beyond that influence. The cause is not far to seek; for, with all their cosmopolitanism in art, they have ever been in music the most intensely national of music-producing people. Auber, the most characteristic of Parisians, did not set himself a great moral and regenerating task as Wagner had done; he was possessed by no theories, and no passion for the illustration of them, nor for the formation of a propaganda for their promulgation. He produced, in surprising and bewildering abundance, his exquisite melodies, even as Béranger and Burns produced their songs, impelled only by an uncontrollable exuberance of lyrical emotion. He never felt that his works required the dubious moral support of pamphlets, and knew that their justification consisted in their very *abandon* and pure unaffected nature; and his appeal for recognition was not made to any one school, or in the diseased hope and fatuous ambition of proselytism, but to the whole heart of humanity. It is easy to affirm of many popularities that they are ephemeral, and that *vox populi* often proves to be *vox diabolus*; but the old reading of the proverb is far more often true than otherwise, and in Auber's case its judgment is beyond quibble or doubt. His insusceptibility to foreign influence has been very helpful in assuring to him his firm place among the great composers; his services to the muse of Comedy were purely voluntary, and the product of his own unassisted genius; and it is his special praise that he has revived and exalted the *opéra comique*, which, but for him, might have sunk into the abysmal depths of farcical *bouffe* and the infamy of burlesque. Through the whole of his long life he was ever true to the instincts of his own genius, and if, in the astonishing fertility of his fancy, he framed some works that do not rise above mediocrity, he has only erred in that direction with most other opera composers. It is true that it has been reported by one who knew him, M. Blaze de Bury, that on the occasion of the last performance before the war of his greatest work, *La Muette de Portici*, he expressed his acute sense of dissatisfaction and disappointment, affirming it was not the creation he had imagined, and hinting that he would write it in a far different style had he to undertake the theme once more; but we have here merely another instance, added to others familiar to all, of a great author's usual retrospective view of his work, a view which has always something of pathos in its incomplete sense of vision. It is almost absolutely certain that had Auber reconstructed the setting of the incomparable melodies of this work, and substituted for the existing orchestral accompaniments others more elaborate and recondite, and possibly Wagnerian in form, *La Muette* would no longer be what it is, the glory of French opera. It would have been nothing less than a disaster had the aged composer set to a work of revision, under the domination of Wagner's genius, after having from his youth upwards produced his compositions with the unerring instincts and unembarrassed facility of an improvisator. The evil effect of the influence of the master-mind of modern music upon one who never can be *en rapport* with that spiritual force is clearly discernible in a recent production of Verdi: the Wagnerian element in *Aida* is too often suggestive of an unholy alliance, or, at least, it exists as an incongruity which strikes the hearer with a sense of pain, and makes him recall, with an avidity of compensating appreciation, the masterly force and originality of *Rigoberto*. It is far otherwise when such an influence is exerted over the first productions of genius, when there exists, as in the case of Boito, a natural affinity between the dominating force and the plastic and fecund imagination that is conscious of the divinity that temporarily overawes it. This has ever been—Wagner himself not having been exempt from this natural law, as a study of Beethoven's symphonies and Meyerbeer's operas suffices to show; and it is through this subtle and spiritual interchange of influence that the philosophic historian of music is enabled to trace, in the diverse compositions of the great masters, the ethereal and protean links of a mighty chain of intellectual and sensuous production that has ever been in progress towards its sublime completion and fruition in the future. It is idle to talk of the music of the future as if music had no past, or were self-existent independent of that past; equally futile and uncritical is it to deplore Auber's comparatively narrow compass of creative power. His work as an artist is essentially his own, and his place is as irrevocably decreed to him, and with as much certainty, by fate as that of far greater men; and no foolish regrets that he was not such an one as this writer or that, and no pamphleteering, will affect his position or cause any settling in the pedestal of his statue in the temple of fame. It is not a little thing to make one of the vestibules of that mighty temple sweet with tenderest reminiscences of unsophisticated melody; and this is the glory of Auber.

# HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1882.

Programme (subject to revision).

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH.	
Rehearsal in the Cathedral.....	10 a.m.
Rehearsal in the Shirehall.....	7.0 p.m.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH.	
"ELIJAH".....Mendelssohn.	1.0 p.m.
Miscellaneous Concert.....	8.0 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH.	
Judas Maccabæus.....Handel.	11.30 a.m.
Symphony in B flat.....Beethoven.	
137th Psalm.....Goetz.	
Magnificat in D.....Bach.	
St Paul.....Mendelssohn.	8 p.m.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.	
The Shunammite.....Dr. Garrett.	11.30 a.m.
Mass in C.....Beethoven.	
Abraham.....Molière.	
Miscellaneous Concert.....	8 p.m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.	
THE "MESSIAH".....Handel.	11.30 a.m.
Chamber Concert.....	8 p.m.
LANGDON COLBORNE, Conductor.	

## WAIFS.

Tamberlik is with his company at Santander.  
 Berlioz's *Requiem* has been performed at Boston (U.S.)  
 The eminent pianist, Alfred Jaell, died recently at Paris.  
 New York is to have three Italian opera-companies playing at the same time.  
 The new Singakademie in Halle lately gave a performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.  
 Beethoven's ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, has been revived at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.  
 Handel's *Messiah* has been given by the vocal Union, Cleves, under the direction of C. Fiedler.  
 Mdlle Dore Desvignes, a young contralto of reputation on the continent, has arrived in London.  
 A new theatre, which will probably be called the Teatro Calderon, is in course of erection at Madrid.  
 Lefevre's lyrical drama, *Judith*, has been performed, under the direction of Peter Benoit, in Antwerp.  
 A young tenor named Fenaroli has made a hit as Radamès, in *Aida*, at the Teatro Principal, Valencia.  
 Masini (the tenor of Verdi's Mass) is in Madrid, where he made his first appearance as Raoul in the *Huguenots*.  
 The first performance of Mihalovich's *Hagbar und Signe* is fixed for the 14th March, at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.  
 A new opera, *El Asedio de Medina*, by Joaquin Espin y Guillen, will be produced next season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.  
 Ernestine Gindele, formerly of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is now engaged—to M. Alexandre Guillaume, of Bordeaux.  
 Clarus, formerly at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, has been appointed choral director at the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick.  
 Von Reichenberg, basso of the Theatre Royal, Hanover, has been invited to sing in August at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.  
 Tichatscheck, the Nestor of German tenors, has had a slight apoplectic fit, but hopes are entertained of his prompt recovery.  
 The members of the orchestra at the Monnaie, Brussels, have petitioned the Municipality to increase its annual grant to the Theatre.  
 The Strakosch Italian operatic season at Booth's, New York, with Mad. Gerster as the star, began on the 20th ult., and was to last a fortnight.  
 Götz's *Bezümmung der Wüderspenstigen* has been performed at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, with a new ending by Gericke. (Oh! —Dr Wittge.)  
 Soamarin, an actor of Moscow, has had the cross of St Stanislaus, third class, conferred on him. He is the first of his profession ever decorated in Russia.  
 In consequence of some disagreement among the shareholders, the Liceo, Barcelona, will not be opened, for the present, at any rate, except for masked balls.  
 The Baltimore (U.S.) Oratorio Society, numbering 600 members, recently gave a performance of Handel's *Messiah*. Among the solo singers were Aline Osgood and M. W. Whitney.



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O. D. RAY.

Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

**LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).**  
Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Some time since, being greatly fatigued with over-work and long hours at business, my health (being naturally delicate) became very indifferent. I lost all energy, strength, and appetite, and was so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. As you are aware, I sent for a dozen of your Extract of Meat and Malt Wine, which, in a few days, pulled me up marvellously. Three or four glasses of it daily have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever, "without the assistance of a doctor." I am now giving it to my son, twelve years of age, whom we have always thought consumptive, and from a puny, ailing boy, he seems to be fast growing into a strong, healthy lad. Enclosed you have cheque. Please send me two dozen of the "Extract." With thanks for your prompt attention to my last, I am, Sir, yours truly,  
GEORGE A. TYLER.

**LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).**  
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Mrs Coulson thanks Mr Coleman for the book and stamps, and she has no doubt but that "the tonic" is a good one. Mrs C. encloses twelve stamps for basket. Mr Coleman.

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## WILLIAM SPARK, MUS. DOC.,

Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds.

PRICE OF EACH BOOK, FOUR SHILLINGS.

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